

## JAMES GREER DIES

## From Blow on Head Struck by Tony Blattel in Saloon Brawl at Kelso.

James Greer, aged about 25, son of Mrs. Nancy Greer, of the Pleasant Hill settlement, died in the office of Dr. Ridemeyer Sunday evening from the effects of a lick on the head received in a drunken brawl at Dannenmueller's saloon in Kelso Saturday afternoon. The lick was struck by Tony Blattel, son of Conrad Blattel, deceased, and the instrument used was a broomstick.

In such matters there are always conflicting reports, but the Kicker has tried to get the facts and will give it as it was told to me. In the Pleasant Hill settlement is a band of young men who behave very badly when under the influence of liquor. And they seldom go where people congregate without the necessary liquor to make them "spunky." It has been their practice to invade dancing and other parties where young people were congregated, terrorize and drive out the participants. With this band young Greer associated.

At Charley Hamm's sale, some two years ago, some trouble arose between some of the band and the Blattel boys. And since then the trouble has been renewed at frequent intervals. The Pleasant Hill boys seem to have the community terrorized and everybody afraid of them. Their practice seems to be to pick out their victim, pick out their best man to lick him, and the rest stand about to see that no one interferes so long as their man is getting the best of it. A very barbarous practice.

At Kelso, Saturday, Jim Greer, two or three of the Pfeffercorn boys, and if I am correctly informed, one or two of the Ledure boys were in the saloon. However, the testimony before the coroner's jury does not show that the Ledure boys, if they were present, took any part in the difficulty. Simon and Tony Blattel were also at the saloon and the usual row soon followed.

I am told that while Tony Blattel refused to be run out, yet he tried to avoid trouble, but was knocked down and had both eyes blacked by Phillip Pfeffercorn. It seems that several fights occurred. After Tony Blattel had been beat up Greer is reported to have called him a coward. Blattel admitted that he was. I was told that Greer said to Blattel, "If you move I'll whittle you to pieces," but there was no such testimony at the inquest.

Just what happened immediately before the fatal blow was struck is difficult to ascertain. But Tony struck Greer twice over the head with a broom stick that was being used to prop up the window, and Greer dropped. Blattel ran, with Greer and several others after him. When Greer returned he went into the saloon and sat on a box and appeared in a stupor. He called to his cousin, Albert Ansell, and asked to be taken home. "I believe I am bad hurt," he said.

Mr. Ansell told him he did not believe him hurt, but Greer insisted and was taken to the office of Dr. Ridemeyer, where he was examined and put to bed. Sunday his brother, Ansell, came to see about him, and in the afternoon Jim got up and was lacing his shoes to go home, when he became faint and returned to bed. His mother was notified and arrived about 4 o'clock, accompanied by her sons, George and Charles. Dr. Williams, of the Cape, and Dr. Cannon, of Edna, were sent for, but Jim Greer died Sunday evening.

A coroner's jury was immediately summoned, composed of Joe Diebold, Chas. Heiserer, Mike Welter, Peter Compas and Fred Seyer. Drs. Williams and Rodemeyer assisted Coroner Cannon. The skull was sawed open and a clot of blood found on the brain under where the lick had been struck. The verdict of the jury was that "death was caused by a blow on the head, and said blow was delivered by Tony Blattel." Andy Pfeffercorn's testimony before the coroner's jury follows:

"James Greer had trouble with Tony Blattel. Greer told Blattel to go to hell, and Blattel said 'I don't have to.' Then P. Pfeffercorn and Blattel had a fight. After the fight Greer and Blattel began quarrelling in the saloon. Both went outside and continued quarrelling, and Blattel hit Greer with a stick twice on the head. Greer fell and in a few moments got up and ran after Blattel. Blattel jumped from porch and Greer came back

to saloon. At the first fight between Blattel and my brother, Greer told Simon Blattel to keep off of Pfeffercorn. Greer was drunk. Blattel was sober. P. Pfeffercorn was drunk. Theo Pfeffercorn had S. Blattel down while first fight was going on. Theo Pfeffercorn was drunk."

The testimony of other witnesses was very similar to the foregoing. At the inquest Mrs. Greer, the mother, told the coroner and jurors that she would make no effort to prosecute—that she had repeatedly warned the boy and had been expecting this for a long time—but that the State could do as it saw fit. Tony Blattel was arrested and gave bond in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance before Squire Dannenmueller at Kelso on the 19th. His father-in-law, Sam Diebold, and his uncle, Frank Blattel, signed the bond.

Monday Pascal and Abner Greer, brothers of the dead boy, arrived from St. Louis, and the burial took place at the Ansell graveyard at 4 o'clock that afternoon.

## OFFICERS GET BUSY.

Mississippi county officials seem to have at last awakened to a realization of the fact that their county has a law or two to enforce. The sheriff and deputies made several raids in different parts of the county last week and rounded up half a dozen or so niggers for bootlegging.

—Morehouse Hustler.

Just like the average county official. Go out and round up a nigger for bootlegging and let the respectable drug store dive go unmolested. I have it on what I consider good authority that Charleston drug stores handle booze in plenty.

Perhaps the officials are "onto the ropes" and don't want to give the snap away. Hence they round up a nigger to satisfy the "peace and dignity of the state."

## THE WHY? OF IT.

There will be no fair at Oran this year, so says the Oran Citizen. What's the matter with the people of Scott county? Can't they keep a fair going?—Cape Girardeau Democrat.

Well, you see, these county fairs are usually run by, or in the interest of, grafters, gamblers and saloons. County courts are asked to "appropriate" for premiums and the saloons are made to "dig up" for the advertising.

The saloons being closed in Oran until last month, there were no funds available for advertising, hence the county court was not called upon for the customary appropriation—and there is nothin' doin'.

## QUIT YOUR NONSENSE.

Over in Fredericktown, where they have local opinion and you can't buy a cigar on Sunday, a recent visitor to that town tells us that he bought beer in the basement of the court house.—Ironton Register.

Up in Ironton, where they have a law against murder, not long ago a man shot and killed the sheriff of the county in broad daylight.—Jackson Cash-Book.

What's the use fussing? Democrats are in control in both places where it is claimed the law is being violated, and both the quarrelling editors will vote that ticket straight next fall. Quit your nonsense. It might "hurt the party."

## COULDN'T BUTT IN.

A husband was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty. "I understand, sir," said the judge, addressing the husband, that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is, your honor," quickly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the judge. "Why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply because," replied the husband, "I didn't want to interrupt her."

Funny isn't it, how the old party politicians are looking out for the farmers? They fear they will make the mistake of dragging their organization into politics. It would be too bad if the farmers made a really successful raid on the old grafters.

At the Moberly Methodist conference a resolution passed prohibiting all ministers using tobacco.

Got the Kicker at your house?

## UNCLE ELI GETS BUSY.

If there is anything the Kicker enjoys, it is to stir up an organ-grinder, and the way to stir up an organ-grinder is to attack the ring that has strings on him.

Recently the Kicker commented on the attack made by Circuit Clerk Hawkins of Iron county—a robust man of 36—on Editor Reagan, of the Arcadia Valley Enterprise, aged 73! I said that a full-grown ring existed in Iron county, and that the assault was the result of recorded facts published by the Enterprise, and to which there is no valid answer possible. Uncle Eli resorts to the usual argument (?) "lie!" He says.

Will Mr. Hafner please state some of the "recorded facts that look ugly in print?" I assert, and know whereof I speak, that every allegation made by the Enterprise against the officials of this county is false; that its every assertion of official grafting or malfeasance is a point-blank lie.

So you want some "recorded facts," do you, Uncle Eli? Well, is it not recorded that your county court rejected the bid of the Enterprise to do the county printing for 48% of the maximum legal rate and gave it to you at 100%?

Is it not a recorded fact that the county court rejected a bid of 4% of the Bank of Ironton for the county funds and awarded it to the "party" bank, of which Wm. Edgar, a prominent "party leader," is president and you are vice-president, at 2%?

These are some of the facts that should have been recorded, if they were not. And it should also have been recorded that this brave man, Hawkins, who assaulted the aged editor, was allowed \$375 by your county court for copying a record that could have been re-bound for \$10 or \$12.

By-the-way, Uncle Eli, why do you butt in. Neither you nor your paper was mentioned in my article. But I suppose it is the old, old story. When a ring is assailed, the organ-grinder gets busy. That is when he earns his money—not when he does the county printing.

Uncle Eli says the attack on the editor was not inspired by criticism or disclosures, but by "long-continued personal abuse" of Mr. Hawkins. I have watched the Iron county controversy with some interest, and all the abuse that I have been able to discover appeared in the Register—usually in the shape of "liar."

Uncle Eli defends the attack on the editor, because "a suit at law is long, tedious and expensive, regardless of the justice of the cause." Here he puts himself against the law, and advocates anarchy.

Now, I happen to know something about this business. I butted up against a stiff a ring in this county as there is in Iron county. Their only answer was abuse and "liar." When people asked why they did not prosecute me, the answer was, "You can't get blood out of a turnip." I was arrested several times—but never for libel. They steered very clear of allowing me the privilege of proving my statements in open court. On one occasion I was assaulted—from behind—in open circuit court. My assailant was fined \$5—and the fine remitted. I know all about the operations of a ring, Uncle Eli.

When Bill Spangh slapped the son of Wm. Edgar, the sheriff was immediately dispatched to arrest the "outlaw." When Clerk Hawkins made his inhuman attack upon old man Reagan, I am told that several ringsters, including a deputy sheriff, were present, and none interfered until friends of Reagan began to appear—and no arrest followed.

I understand the operations of a ring, Uncle Eli. I have seen ballot printing let at \$375 over my bid of \$90. I have seen \$300 and upwards paid for legal notices that I would gladly have published for one-fourth the money. I have seen all efforts to get the public funds away from the "party" banks fail. With the road, bridge and other grafts I am not so familiar. But those who claim to know say they have been equally as bad. I have been assaulted, persecuted and prosecuted for telling the truth. I have never been convicted of any offense—although my enemies were in control of the "law." And the Kicker grows day by day, while the ringsters are practically extinct.

And that is the way it will be up in Iron county. As soon as the people wake up, you and what styles itself the "Democratic party" will get your dues. "You can fool all the people part of the time; part of the people all the time," etc.

## SOME RECENT DECISIONS.

Three decisions have recently been rendered by as many different judges in the circuit court of Indiana of much more than passing interest, and which look more ominous to the saloon interests than even the widespread agitation which is finding expression in the form of restrictive state legislation.

The first was a case wherein Albert Soltan of Indiana applied for and was granted a saloon license in Indianapolis, from which grant an appeal was taken to the circuit court, the same being based on a remonstrance that had been filed previous to the license being granted. This case, on appeal, was tried before Judge Samuel R. Artman, the contention of the remonstrants being that the statute authorizing the granting of saloon license is unconstitutional, in that the saloon mission to invade the rights guaranteed to citizens by the state constitution, and that the saloon is necessarily subversive of the public morals, health, safety to person and property, and the breeder of immorality and crime, and that for the legislature to assume to grant permission to work these evils was to attack the constitution and the foundation of the state, which granted to the citizens of Indiana protection from these very evils, and was therefore unconstitutional.

The remonstrance was upheld, and the application dismissed, at cost of applicant, in a very exhaustive decision handed down by Judge Artman, February 13.

The second decision was on a case brought in 1905 by Nancy B. Middleton of Noblesville against Edward L. Sopher, the latter being finally indicted in the circuit court. The case was continued from term to term by the defendant's attorneys until the present year, when Judge Ira W. Christian of Noblesville rendered a decision, which, in effect, covered the ground which had been gone over just two months earlier by Judge Artman, Judge Christian going further than merely declaring that an act granting licenses to a saloon by the state legislature was unconstitutional, in that he decided that a saloon was, necessarily, a nuisance to be abated, he ordering the abatement of the saloon which he had thus outlawed.

The third and latest decision is by Special Judge Frank E. Hutchinson of Lebanon, in the Boone circuit court, which originated in 1906 at Sheridan, Hamilton county, where George B. Lunham applied for and was denied saloon license by the county commissioners. As in the two earlier cases, a vast array of state supreme court decisions were cited, as well as United States circuit and United States supreme courts, declaring what were the common law rights of the citizens, as well as the rights created under the constitution of Indiana; also, a formidable array from the same courts, declaring that the saloon always and everywhere invades these rights and the very act of the legislature under which the granting of saloon licenses is authorized in effect declares as much, assuming that the saloon would violate the law, would inflict damages on the citizens, etc., etc. Requiring in addition to the payment of a license fee, the filing of a bond to protect the state and all parties thus damaged in these specified respects which were declared to be the necessary concomitants of the saloon.

It was further held that the state of Indiana had, by another means, declared the liquor traffic an evil, in that the public funds were appropriated to pay for the teaching of the injuries effects of the use of ardent spirits, and the teachers were required to pass an examination touching this matter, and were required to teach the baleful physiological effects resulting from the drinking of spirituous liquors.

There are several items worthy of mentioning in connection with these three cases: First, all three judges rendering the decisions are men of wide experience and prominence. Judge Artman, who has been on the bench five years, has the record of never having been reversed by the supreme court. As his decision would operate to curtail the powers of legislatures, he holding that the alleged statute granting permission to license a saloon was merely "an act of the general assembly" and not a law. It is worthy of note that he is a legislator of experience, he during one session having been speaker of the house of representatives. Judge Christian has a like enviable reputation. Judge Hutchinson is not new in this work, he having formerly been prosecuting attorney. Thus far neither of the three cases has been appealed. The attorney

for the saloon in one of the cases said, after a careful study of the decision, that no court could or would reverse the decision.

What a surprise it would be to all parties if this much-mooted question were nearing settlement along a line requiring no additional legislation or agitation, the courts merely holding that the common law rights and the statutes already in existence are prohibitive and mandatory when fairly interpreted.

## WHO TAUGHT THE HEN?

How is it that the old hen knows how? Who told her?

A person who has watched the big biddy playing the chicken game on top of thirteen unripe eggs has seen her sit constantly for four days, being off only a few minutes at a time to get a bite to eat, and sometimes not coming off at all for three days.

The third day he has seen her turn the eggs with her bill, and thereafter turn them every night and morning up to the eighteenth day. She will rush out after the morning sun has got things warm, and eat a splendid long breakfast on the morning of the fifth day. The amateur, seeing this for the first time, will get anxious, fearing the eggs will cool off. Of course they will. But she knows it is all right.

The hen will stay off ten minutes and be exceedingly busy. She will eat, drink and take a sun and dust bath. She will cool the eggs and then turn them every morning until the eighteenth day, and on the morning of the eighteenth day she will not heed anything to eat, but will hurry off after it is very warm, eat a bit, and drink very hurriedly, rush back to the nest and get upon the eggs carefully, as if they might be so many soap bubbles. On the eighteenth day the embryo chick prepares to take a knock at the egg-shell and rights himself so he can pick upward. If his head is down, he turns in the shell. If the hen should change an egg in getting on her nest on the eighteenth morning, she will carefully turn the egg back as quickly as possible.

Wouldn't you freely give \$5 to know the thought in the hen's mind that accompanies this simple act? If the chick in the shell be turned down after getting ready to pick he may not make the extra exertion to right himself, though a strong chick will do so. If he cracks the underside of the shell the moisture of the shell will run to it, and run out through the hole and stop the hole. After the chick has once breathed the raw air he will stifle or be drowned in his own moisture; if he does not pick the shell at all. The mother hen keeps the shells all right side up, and can tell by the rappings in the shell after the chick begins to rap. The mind of the hen is mightily apparent or else it is all instinct. And what is instinct but spontaneous mood?

When the mother hen hears that rapping on the inside of the shells, a mighty mother instinct rouses in her and she is ready to fight everything and anything, including the rooster, at the drop of the hat. Her feathers get all crinkly with excitement and she is full of smothered clucks and mother love. This is where these chicks have the advantage over their incubator brethren. The incubator does not mother them.

## THE PREACHER LOST.

A little boy whose interest in religion had waned somewhat was met on the street one day by his pastor, who said "Johnny why have I not seen you at church lately?" "You swear too much in the pulpit!" "Why Johnny," gasped the surprised clergyman, "you are mistaken. I never swear." "Oh yes you do," persisted the lad.

"Well, my young friend, suppose we put it to a test. Now you come to church next Sunday, and if you hear me swear I'll give you an apple pie; and if you don't hear me, you are to give me one and come to church regularly afterwards."

To this Johnny agreed.

When the next Lord's day came, Johnny was on hand, way down front. The sermon was about half through, the clergyman had committed no offense until, unsuspectingly, he uttered the words, "And it is by God we live and by God we die"—whereupon Johnny jumping to his feet cried out, "And by God you lose your apple pie!"

## NOT NECESSARY.

A man who is not in favor of states rights should move out into a territory and live under federal judge and railroad rule.—Rolla Sharpshooter.

Not necessary. What is the matter with federal judge and railroad rule in Missouri—or any other state?

## HOW PAPER WAS INVENTED.

Hundreds of years ago there was no paper. We couldn't get on without it these days, could we? We are always wanting it—to write upon, to wrap things up in and last, but not least, to print our books and newspapers on.

It was a clever little Japanese gentleman who first invented it. This little man was a merchant and as he had ever so many parcels to send out from his shop every week, he found the silk in which he always wrapped them a rather expensive item. He was always thinking and puzzling his brains to try to invent something that would be cheaper.

One day when he was walking in his garden he came across a wasp's nest, and he noticed how wonderfully it was made—how the clever wasps had used some kind of wood, softened it into a thin paste with their jaws, and, after carefully shaping it left it to dry. "If wasps can do a thing like that," thought the little gentleman to himself, "why can't I? If I could get some kind of wood, form it into a pulp by means of river water, wouldn't the result be something like the fabric of the wasps' nest? I'll try anyway, and see what I can do. It would save myself and other people quite a lot of money, if my experiment succeeds."

The little gentleman tried, and succeeded, too, in putting into practice the lesson that the wasps taught him. So that's the way paper was invented—years ago out in far Japan.

## YOUR HORSE.

How would you like to be your own horse? Would you work yourself six or seven hours without water when the temperature is in the nineties? Would you let the head of a rivet stand twisted in the harness till it tore the skin off? Would you put a bridle on yourself that had a loose blinder that flapped you in the eye every time you made a step? Would you tie yourself up with a lazy or slow horse which made you pull more than half the load? Would you give yourself water out of a slimy box or a mud-hole in the creek where the pigs and poultry bathe? Would you feed yourself dry corn seven days in the week, and hay which smelled of rats, in a manger in which the hens roost? Would you stand yourself ankle-deep at feeding time in your own excrement, to fight a million flies bred in your own flesh? What would you do if you were your own horse?

NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

An old Georgia darkey owned a small and ancient mule, but which, at a casual question as to the price at which it was held, became suddenly endowed with all the virtues of the best blood of Kentucky. "But he is at least 20 years old, Uncle," the would-be purchaser protested.

"Dat mule!" Uncle Mose said indignantly. "No sah! Ef dat mule's mo' 'n six years ole, Ah hopes he dies fo' mawin'!"

Upon visiting his stable the next day Uncle Mose was struck with consternation to find his animal stretched lifeless on the ground. "Look at dat now!" he exclaimed, with intense disgust. "What yo' think of dat? Never did see sich er mule—couldn't eben take er lil' joke lak dat."

## FARMINGTON TIMES.

Two Perry county horses have recently died from eating grass covered with army worms. They are said to be as numerous in pastures now as they were in the spring. Two Madison county horses also met death from being stung to death by humble bees when they stepped into a nest while their owner was plowing.

At Purcell's Mill, in New Madrid county, John Sanders killed his son, John, by shooting him in the face. It is claimed that the son was approaching his father with a gun in a threatening manner. That is "competition." The father got "the better of the bargain." As Brother Ake puts it, a glorious civilization.

J. B. Presson, a New Madrid county farmer, jumped from a hay loft. Below a pitch fork was sticking in the ground which Mr. Presson did not see. The handle of the fork entered the lower part of his back and passed through his body. He leaves a wife and two children.

The fourth annual reunion of the survivors of the battle of Pilot Knob will be held September 20, 27, 28. See Reagan, of the committee on arrangements, invites you to be present. A national organization composed of Union and Confederate veterans will be effected.

Jack Throver, formerly editor of the Dexter Democrat, has invented a metallic apple barrel which, by thorough ventilation, keeps the fruit sound, and which can be reused an indefinite number of times. "Tis thought 'there's millions in it.' We hope so.

A gravel road from Dexter to Bloomfield is among the possibilities. Stoddard County roads resemble Scott County roads.

At Fredericktown burglars attempted to blow the safe of the Lake Side Mercantile Co., but made a botch of it.

Dr. J. S. Enloe, of Greenville, is held for the death of Mrs. Mary Barks, charged with performing a criminal operation.

At Elvins a burglar entered a parsonage. Next we may hear of him "going through" an editor's mansion.

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## THE SOUTHEAST.

At the Wilson hotel, Caruthersville, Lucy Logsdon was discovered in Arthur Seaman's room by Mrs. Seaman, who chased the girl with a pistol. Lucy jumped out at a third story window, breaking her back and a leg. The capitalist idea is to take revenge on the weaker. Why did not Mrs. Seaman turn the gun on her husband instead of a weak and defenseless woman. Lucy has a broken back and a broken leg. If she can die she will be fortunate. If she lives she will forever be a cripple and an outcast. But Mr. Seaman will retain his standing in "society."

At Kennett there has been trouble in the Aud McMunn family for some time because one Arch Brown had alienated the affections of Mrs. McMunn and caused her to leave home. After trying in vain to bring about a reconciliation McMunn shot and killed Brown. McMunn offered the jailer \$30 to buy Brown's burial outfit—saying he wanted him to have a decent burial—but the money was refused by friends of the dead man. The destruction of this family is not chargeable to Socialism.

The editor assaulted by a member of the court house ring in Iron County is 73 years old. The assailant is young, strong, and only 35. A brave act. Why does not the ring prosecute the editor if he is not telling the truth? The ring has control of the machinery of justice (?)

Frame Eagle.—The Mississippi County Union of the F. E. and C. U. of America met with Texas Bend local lodge, September 6, at 8 o'clock p. m. The evening session was open for all who wished to attend and a full house of men, women and children were in attendance.

The published statements of the banks of Dunklin County show deposits amounting to \$692,633.77. This means that the men engaged in banking in Dunklin County use nearly one million dollars of the people's money which they loan back to the people at high rates of interest, pocket the interest, and shout "prosperity." Under a government banking system the people would get what their money earned. Is it any wonder that bankers oppose a change?

Dunklin Democrat.—That the paper trust was not killed by the recent prosecution and fines is shown by the fact that prices on all grades of book paper have advanced about 75 per cent and may double in a short time. It is possible that the dollar-a-year weekly will soon have to raise its price to \$1.50, reduce its size or go out of business.

Farmington Times.—Two Perry county horses have recently died from eating grass covered with army worms. They are said to be as numerous in pastures now as they were in the spring. Two Madison county horses also met death from being stung to death by humble bees when they stepped into a nest while their owner was plowing.

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